

DEAFMUTE'S JOURNAL.

VOLUME LV

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Canadian Clippings.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Mr. George Goulding is employed as a landscape gardener by the Ontario Government and looks after flower beds and lawns in Queen's Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Roberts were in Brantford on April 8th, attending the wedding of the former's youngest brother, Rev. Howard L. Roberts, M.A., B.D., of the Colborne Street United Church of that city, to Miss Muriel Irene Maude Foote also of that city. The Happy couple spent part of their honeymoon here at "Mora Glen." Among the presents received was a beautiful solid silver service from the members of their church, valued at over four hundred dollars.

At a meeting of the executive officers of the Ontario Association of the Deaf, held here on April 3d, it was officially decided to hold the coming Convention in Windsor from June 30th to July 4th, next. This is what we forecast in these columns months ago, but not officially sanctioned till now.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, of Oakville, were among us again over the week-end of April 10th and attended our service on Sunday. Though nearing four score years, Mr. Thomas is as sport-like as a young athlete.

Mr. Jesse Batstone, of Hamilton, was shaking hands with old acquaintances here on Sunday, April 11th. Come again, young man.

Mr. A. H. Jaffray spoke on the meaning and importance of Salvation at our church on April 11th. Miss Lucy Buchan rendered "Praise Him, Praise Him." At the close, the Rev. H. L. Roberts, of Brantford, gave a short address, saying it was fifteen years ago when he preached a sermon to us and was proud to come again to see us and admire the magnificence of our new Church. Then followed the interesting service of christening the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Shilton. It was the first christening in our new church.

The race in the T. A. D. bowling contest came to a close on April 10th, and the winning team was made up of Archie Durno, W. J. Ross, Willie McGovern, Wesley Ellis and Charles McLachlan. All won handsome prizes.

The second team in the running was composed of Peter McDougall, Arthur Wilson, James Tate, John Maynard and John Stein.

Mr. Samuel Pugsley has, we are pleased to state, recovered from a very serious illness. Sam recently lost an aunt by death, at the venerable age of 92 years.

CONFERENCE CHAT

The Misses Rhea Lott and Lenna Spannon were Oshawa's representatives and they were a smiling, winsome pair.

Prof. George F. Stewart brought up fraternal greetings from the staff and pupils at the Belleville School. Mr. Stewart's rendition of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Good Friday afternoon, before a capacity crowd, was fine.

A very touching message of hope for the success of the conference was received from Mrs. Ursula Johnson, of Barrie, who sent her warmest greetings to all from her sick bed.

While here for the Conference, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Averall, of Cookstown, called on the former's brother and mother.

While busy at his desk, writing up notes for the JOURNAL, in a quiet corner of the Church house, an unknown hearing gentleman quietly slipped up to the writer and leaving a note with him smilingly walked off.

Scanning the note the reporter had just time to raise his eyes and yell. "Thank you, for your compliment," to the stranger, as he disappeared in the surging crowd. The note read: "You may tell the world that this is the finest church of its kind I have ever seen."

Mr. Howard J. Lloyd, of Brantford, brought a carload of relatives with him, made up of himself, his wife, his two children and his mother.

Early Sunday morning, a group of eight of the deaf of the "Telephone City," chartered a swell tour-

IN DIXIELAND.

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

Atlanta is a city where friendship dwells, where God is real, where love and unity find their natural growth. Here childhood is revered, and old age is accounted as a glory to be attained by right living. Atlanta is a city—a

"Whose strength not brick, nor stone, nor wood.

But Justice, Love and Brotherhood."

To such a city the home seeker is invited. There is yet room for all who would find a place in which to truly live. Welcome is cordial for all who will join in this desire to establish here the home of contented, happy, achieving Americans.

Every Atlantan knows what every newcomer soon finds out—that Atlanta is a good place to visit, but it is really a better place to live.

Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. Claude J. Self, of Birmingham, Ala., spent several days in this city recently, stopping over on his way home from Florida.

A Mr. Weil, hailing from Chicago, so we are told, is in the city looking for a job. He is a printer.

Mr. George Haslett, of Buford, Ga., has secured a job as press feeder in one of Atlanta's print shops, and informs us that if he finds his job to be steady, he will move his family to Atlanta and make this city his future home. Mr. Haslett has been employed for many years in a harness factory at Buford, but tired of work, hence the change.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Silver stopped over in Atlanta on March 12th last, on their way back to their home in North Carolina. Being unable to remain over for the big supper at St. Mark's they bought tickets and donated them to the club. They had been spending the winter with Mrs. Silver's parents in Adairsville, Ga., and drove back home in their automobile. After leaving Atlanta they intended stopping in Gainesville, Ga., for a few days, to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Norris before returning to North Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. McLean have moved to 1528 Greensferry Avenue, where they now have a spacious nine-room house, with garage and garden. For some time they have been residing with Mrs. McLean's parents, but a desire for more room and a place of their own, caused them to make the move, and they are very well pleased with it.

Mr. George Haslett, of Buford, Ga., has secured a good job in an Atlanta print shop, and has moved his family to this city to reside. They have rented part of the McLean home, and are now nicely located here. Mrs. Haslett is the sister of Mr. McLean, and is a very pleasant and welcome addition to Atlanta's deaf colony.

Messrs. Leon Laporte and Thompson, of Detroit, motored down and spent Easter Sunday with friends here.

We hope the coming convention at Windsor this summer will be a great success. "Are you going?" is the question now asked.

LONDON LEAVES

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Fisher and son, Albert, motored to Hamilton to visit relatives and friends for the week-end of April 10th.

Mr. George Mitchell, of Brantford, who went up to see his wife's relatives in Dresden during Easter, called and spent April 6th, with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gould, Jr., leaving in the evening for home. He says his wife is doing nicely at the Hamilton Hospital.

Mr. W. P. Quinlan, of Stratford, was up to see his sister at the Ontario Hospital here towards the end of March. She is doing well.

George Moore hied away to see his chum, Wilbur Elliott, in Ingoldsby on Easter Sunday. George states that Wilbur may not go to Detroit until next fall.

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GENERAL GLEANINGS.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley McAdam have named their latest baby Ronald Colin McAdam. 'Tis some Scotch atmosphere in the making.

On April 9th, Miss Helen A. Middleton and her friend, Miss Hilda Armstrong, went for a long cutter ride through Homing Mills and Shelburne, covering over eighteen miles. It was an ideal day and the roads were great.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pratt, late of Toronto, are now living in Islington. Both were former teachers at the Ontario School for the Deaf at Belleville, the latter being Miss Margaret Evey before her marriage.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

PITTSBURGH REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHISON, Pastor.

MR. DAN BAKER, Interpreter for the Deaf.

Sabbath School—10 A.M.

Sermon—11 A.M.

Prayer meeting on first Wednesday evening of each month at 7:45 P.M.

Everybody Welcome.

ance of these articles, we say: "Get busy and send us in the news, and we will arrange the articles and send them to the JOURNAL, pronto hereafter.

The members of the Nadfrat Club gave this scribe a surprise birthday party on March 29th last. It was indeed a surprise as we had been buried in a book beside the fire all morning, and would have remained contentedly so had not our daughter begun to urge us to "dress up," telling us that company was coming.

Not feeling very enthused, however, we pulled ourselves away from our book and obeyed.

Then the guests began to arrive, everyone carrying a bundle. Later we were invited into the dining room, where a great big birthday cake, adorned with many candles was lighted.

We won't tell how many save that the inscription on the cake bore the dates 1866—1926. An interesting contest added much to the enjoyment of the guests. A delightful salad course was served by our daughter, assisted by a few friends, these arrangements having all been arranged without this scribe getting "wise" to what was going on.

It was altogether a very happy affair, and we appreciate the thought of those of our co-workers kind remembrances of our birthday.

We realize that Mrs. Simons must oftentimes attend our entertainments as interpreter at considerable inconvenience to herself, as she has a family of school children to look after, yet she never hesitates or refuses to come whenever called upon to do anything for the Atlanta and Georgia deaf.

The deaf of this city and State are certainly fortunate in having such influential hearing friends as Mr. Crusselle and Mrs. Simons, and we are of the opinion they should show their appreciation of such friends in a way other than a mere "thank you."

Besides these two mentioned there are a dozen other good hearing friends interested in the deaf of Atlanta, the real value of which we fear the deaf do not fully realize.

This scribe is now seriously debating the question, pro and con, viz: "Shall we continue to save up our 'dough' and 'blow it in' next winter in a few months' sojourn in the land of sunshine and flowers, (Florida), or shall we invest it now in a Ford and blow it to the wind this summer in riding around?"

Like the rich man who died recently up North somewhere, who called upon the public to advise him of the best way to dispose of his millions before he died, we are asking the world to tell us what we'd better do.

C. L. J.

home town. Mrs. Mills has been a member of the N. A. D. frats since its organization, and both she and Mr. Mills are deeply interested in the building project and are helping to swell the funds in every way they can.

A vote of thanks was given Mrs. Mills who came up for the supper, and for the splendid service rendered in helping prepare and serve the supper.

To the other members of the committee, Misses Margie Weaver and Maxine Morris, is due a large share of the credit for the success of the affair.

Each worked untiringly for several weeks, giving of their time and personal funds unselfishly, and we feel justly proud of these young girls, and feel that they will make valuable workers in the future activities of the club.

Thanks is also due Mrs. M. M. Simons, who interprets the addresses that were made.

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C. L. J.

EDWARD MINER GALLAUDET MEMORIAL FUND.

BULLETIN NO. 5. IN SEATTLE.

Miss Edna Smith 1 00
Mrs. Victoria Smith 1 00
J. B. Wilson 5 00
Mary Ellen Larson, by J. B. Wilson, 1 00

Mrs. Pauline Gustin 1 00
Miss Lina Seipp 1 00
Eddie Martin 1 00

Contributions from Vancouver, Wash., through Mr. W. S. Hunter 1 00

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hunter 1 00
Miss Julia Dodd 1 00
Miss McNeal 1 00
Mrs. M. Gruver 1 00
Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Divine 2 00
Miss Helen Northrop 1 00
Mr. Geo. Martin 1 00
Dean Horn 1 00
Edward Acree 1 00
Mrs. W. L. Coulter 1 00
Fred W. Bjorkquest 1 00
Mrs. Chas. M. Gillis 1 00
Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Langlois 2 00
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence 2 00

Total 19 00
Previously reported 70 50

Total to date 100 50

OLOF HANSON,
State Agent for Washington.

SEATTLE, April 14, 1926.

ST. THOMAS' MISSION FOR THE DEAF

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D.

Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 10:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.

Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.

Socials, Fourth Saturdays, \$3.00 P.M.

Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

You are cordially invited and urged to attend. Tell and bring your friends.

which represented money donated by some of Mr. Mills' friends in his

PITTSBURGH.

PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

Dioceses of Washington, and the States of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. Henry J. Pulver, General Missionary.

Rev. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Curate. Holy Communion, first Sunday of the month.

10:30 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Second Sunday, 8 P.M. Literary Readings. A cordial welcome to all.

Office Hours of the Vicar.

The Guild House.

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue), is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-befuddling sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE.

CHAPTER I.

One of the first things taught me in geography when a little boy, was that the Earth is round like an orange, somewhat flattened at the poles, and is one-fourth land and three-fourths water. These facts were committed to memory, but never really understood, except that the shape of an orange was quite a delicious way of expressing the shape of the earth.

When we started on the White Star Steamship Adriatic, for a Mediterranean Cruise, on February 25th, we got the water and land proportion of the Earth indelibly fixed on the understanding. It had rained hard all the day of departure, and a thick fog threatened to tie us up in the bay until next morning, but suddenly cleared away an hour before sailing time.

We left at a minute before midnight and for nine days thereafter saw only water, what seemed endless stretches of water, until we came in sight of the Island of Madeira. Not one of the 500 passengers will ever doubt that the Earth is three-fourths water.

The chronicle of the cruise was written in the form of letters to my daughters, and hastily fixed up for publication, so readers will please pardon any unusually personal note in their composition.

Among the half thousand who leaned on the ship's rails as the steamer approached the harbor at Madeira, were four deaf men—Messrs. E. Souweine, Henry C. Kohlman, Sylvester J. Fogarty, and the scribe, Edwin A. Hodgson.

MADEIRA

Yesterday we spent ashore at the Island of Madeira. It is a very mountainous island, with roads too steep for horse drawn vehicles or automobiles, so they use sledges with wicker-work tops and runners of wood. These sledges are drawn by bullocks up the mountains and toboggan down of their own momentum, the bullocks being left behind to chew grass at the station of the funicular railway, a short ride uphill from the dock.

We went up the mountain to a height of about 4000 feet above the sea level, to the Esplanade Restaurant at Terreiro de Lucta. It is a beautiful ride, through canyon like roads that wind and ascend past untold acres of growing grape vines and profuse vegetable and floral growths. On either side are flowers of variegated colors and fragrance. Calla lilies seem to grow wild and their creamy beauty entrances the eye. There are lots of banana growths, and about half way up you travel past veritable forests of Norway pines, which are peculiar in that the trunks are slim and tall and bare of branches till near their tops. At the summit of the highest mountain is the Restaurant Esplanade. It is fronted by a terrace that the landscape gardener has beautified with shrubs and flowers and walks. In the center of this terrace is a column of stone surmounted by a bronze figure of Salvatore de Rojas, the Portuguese who discovered Madeira in 1419. This statue was erected just 500 years after, in 1919.

The Esplanade is a one-story building of white, of what seemed to our untutored minds of Spanish architecture. We were served with an excellent luncheon in the extensive dining room, which stretches the entire length of the edifice. After wandering about for an hour, admiring the rugged and the cleverly cultivated scenery, taking a few snapshots and bargaining for curios, we had the option of returning by the funicular railway or descending by sledges. Our party—Messrs. Kohlman, Souweine, Fogarty and I, as well as many others, chose sledges, tobogganing down the winding mountain road, guided by two men running behind and regulating the speed and

course by ropes attached to the front of the sledge. The road is paved with small stones (or rubble) in undulating ridges that afford a foothold and prevent the men who guide from slipping. We stopped at the Primero de Mayo (which I think means the First of May street), and looked over the shops. Mr. Souweine's bargaining was very amusing. He generally got articles for about one half the price originally asked.

Madeira is famous for its wine. The Malmsey brand is especially favored by connoisseurs, and possesses a bouquet that can not be approached by any wine on earth. Invalids and epileptics are agreed on this.

The capital city is Funchal, and it is ruled by Portugal. It is about midway from the Azores and Africa. To be exact, it is just 338 miles from the African coast.

All were on board the Adriatic at five o'clock, when she weighed anchor and began to speed for Gibraltar, where we had another shore excursion on Sunday, March 7th.

Yesterday and today the ship's thermometer is at 70 degrees. My health is greatly improved. Gone is my customary air of sadness and gladness takes its place. All the passengers aboard seem to enjoy the warmth and sunshine.

GIBRALTAR

Yesterday we were at Gibraltar, I

can not describe in words the emotion felt as we sighted this world renowned rock. From the ocean it dominates the strait that you have to navigate in order to get to the Mediterranean. It forms the southernmost point of Europe at the entrance, with Africa on the opposite side about fifty miles away. Of course, every schoolboy knows these facts. So it is not a lesson in geography that I am attempting to teach, but the bald facts as they struck me at the time. Far off the rock appeared to be only a gently sloping mountain, but as we steamed nearer it looked quite steep, and on the side fronting the Atlantic it is perfectly vertical, having a sheer drop from its peak of 1500 feet. It is about three miles long and probably a mile in width. The west side forms the town of (I should judge) 10,000 inhabitants. The houses are built apparently at the foot of the mountain, but closer inspection shows them erected tier upon tier of a steep incline. High up at the edge of the town is an old Moorish castle. There is the garrison of British soldiers, of whom we saw but a small part. It was Sunday, so the stores were closed. Platoons of soldiers marched with a swinging stride to church, and kept step in unison, the long line moving in measured step like one man. There were groups of six or eight, that seemed to be on detail duty. The police of the city looked like the London bobbies. They were dressed in like uniforms, wore the same kind of helmet, and were courteous to all who asked questions.

A great part of the population is Spanish or Portuguese, but there are plenty of Moors in their distinguishing gowns and headgear.

Our shore excursion tickets entitled us to carriage rides, and we were driven through the narrow streets, portals of guarded arches, to the Alameda Gardens, the drill grounds, the spacious and level areas set aside for sports—such as football, cricket, tennis, etc. The road past these latter grounds was lined with shade trees and flowers, and led to the barrier which separates British territory from Spain. We passed into Spain, but did not go to Algeria, the nearest Spanish city. At the foot of the rock, ramparts of heavy stone frown on the beholder, pierced with holes for cannon and notched for rifles. On the face of the rock many openings, at varied distances apart, can be seen, and one wonders how the galleries of this great rock have been constructed. Beyond wonderment and speculation we could not go, for no one is allowed to see the military secrets which the Rock of Gibraltar contains. It is common knowledge, however, that there are two galleries, each two miles in length, that are large enough to drive a horse and wagon. The approach from the sea is wide and there is a bay that gives ample shelter from ocean storms. Also there are narrow entrances and exits for vessels to dock at the town piers. A life saving station is conspicuous, and further along the west, or sheltered side of the rock, are dock yards and a gigantic drydock. The markets are quite extensive and occupy what appears to be a naturally guarded stretch of ground. They are well built of stone and scrupulously clean, as indeed are all parts of Gibraltar that we visited.

On the Adriatic, we have become acquainted with many passengers, some of them are a Mr. Decker, his wife and daughter; Dr. Burt, a son of the late William A. Burt, who was Principal of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf up to the time of his death about five years ago; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Morton, the first mentioned being a cousin of Douglas Tilden, the famous deaf-mute sculptor; Mr. Lorsch, a dealer in optical goods of New York; Mr. Samuel Anthony Goldschmidt, who is crossing the ocean for the thirty-sixth time. His card shows he is a member of the Union League Club. Mr. Stix, a wealthy merchant of Cincinnati, who retired from business a few years ago. There are others we have become acquainted with, but I do not recall their names just now.

ALGIERS

We arrived at Algiers at about ten o'clock Monday night, March 8th.

It was a very fascinating sight. The electric lights gleamed brightly from myriads of bulbs dotting the quay and the heights on which the city is built. But we did not go ashore till nearly nine Tuesday morning. And what a day we had. Algiers is a French possession, and is a fortified city. I am told the garrison numbers 6000 soldiers. It has quite a large French population, and with the great number of Arabs and Moors, will probably have seventy or eighty thousand souls.

We were met on landing by autos chartered as usual in excursions by the White Star Line. Each car had four passengers, and there must have been four hundred of them. They were in groups of five, under the direction of a guide. Through streets each above the other, we were quickly taken in a winding way through thoroughfares thronged with Arabs, Moors, and a heterogeneous multitude of people.

Here let me digress to mention that Monaco and Monte Carlo are the same. On the principle that a rose by any name will smell as sweet, the nomenclature is interchangeable and it makes no difference which name you make.

As every one knows, Monaco is a principality. It is built on a plateau about one hundred feet above the level of the sea. The Monte Carlo Casino, where men and women woo the god of chance, is in the center of the bowl-like entrance to the harbor, and from its eminence overlooks the sea. It is quite a palace, with a long frontage pierced by a double row of windows, quite richly decorated interiorly, and contains paintings of great merit. There are half a dozen long green covered tables, marked out for roulette and trenti et quarante. Seated round them are men in full dress and women bediamonded and handsomely gowned, winning or losing as fortune decrees. The croupiers announce the winners and pay out the winnings with great celerity. Incidentally they pull towards the bank the money of the losers with wooden rakes.

The Casino is entered from the side farthest from the sea, which faces a public square adorned with flowers and ferns and palms. The town of Monaco is built on streets that were constructed in the middle ages, and all the houses are of white stone, evidently quarried from the mountain on which they stand.

There is one large edifice that perches on a rock which is lapped by the waves of the sea. We are told it is the Oceanographic Museum, and contains curious specimens of marine fauna, the produce of fisheries and soundings taken on cruises planned by Prince Albert, the reigning prince of Monaco. He is said to be the greatest authority on oceanography in the world.

There is a lot more to tell, but the foregoing will suffice to convince the casual reader that gambling is not the only thing for which Monaco should be famed.

The climate, the people, the products, the natural beauty of artistic culture and geographical situation play a large part.

LYONS

ly pears and cactus line the road prominently.

On reaching Nice, great preparations for a "battle of flowers" were in progress. We saw many of the floats and carriages with floral decorations that were really artistically beautiful, and not a mere jumble of flowers. But we did not see the procession, as before it began we were eating up the miles on the return to Monaco. While waiting for the tender to take us to the ship for dinner, our party of four dear people walked along the quay, which is built of smooth stones and is quite large and is fronted by pergolas, and on the west side by a handsomely built street that from the water side looked like a bridge or viaduct. The adjoining streets are narrow, paved in asphalt, with sidewalks of stone flagging. The houses on one side are built six or ten feet above the other side, and as they rise tier upon tier, are invariably fronted like a garden with flowers. Every street was scrupulously clean.

Attired in Tuxedo suits, we took dinner on the steamship, and afterwards went ashore to visit the Casino of Monte Carlo.

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EDWIN A. HODGSON.

(To be continued)

Flint, Mich.

AGED TEACHER OF DEAF DIES—WILLIS HUBBARD, 81 YEARS OLD, SUCUMBS TO LINGERING ILLNESS.

From the Flint Daily Journal April 12, 1926.

Willis Hubbard, 81 years old, who completed 50 years of service as a teacher in the Michigan School for the Deaf during the superintendency of the late L. L. Wright, died at his home 515 W. Third Street this morning at 1 o'clock, from the infirmities of age, following an illness of several months.

Mr. Hubbard had served under every superintendent of the school with the exception of I. D. Gilbert, incumbent. They were in order as follows: Fay, Bangs, Parker, MacIntire, Church, Gas, Monroe, Clarke and Wright. At the time Mr. Hubbard completed his service of a half century, the board of trustees gave a dinner in his honor and presented him with a testimonial which he has preserved among his prided possessions.

SERVED 52 YEARS IN ALL

It is a beautiful work of art and the inscription on it reads, "The board of trustees of the Michigan School for the Deaf brings to Willis Hubbard, B.Ped., greetings and affectionate congratulations on the completion of his continuous service of 50 years in this institution. For half a century he has been bringing light and music to the kingdom of silence." Mr. Hubbard taught two years longer; making in all 52 years of continuous service.

He was given leave of absence from the school in 1915 on account of ill health, and did not return, though he soon recovered his health. Mr. Wright hoped he would resume teaching and kept his name on the faculty list for two years, but Mr. Hubbard had no desire to return as he realized he would not be under pleasant conditions were he to feel

unable to do as good work as he formerly had.

BORN NEAR TROY, N. Y.

Willis Hubbard was born in Cropsyville, a small village near Troy, N. Y., on March 8th, 1845. He lost his hearing when 10 years old, the result of an almost fatal attack of brain fever. Up to that time he had attended school like other children, but then he was sent to the New York School for the Deaf, which at that time was considered the best deaf school in the world.

He was graduated from this institution in 1863, three days previous to the battle of Gettysburg and was valedictorian of his class.

He was appointed a teacher in the Michigan School for the Deaf and arrived in Flint on November 11th, 1863. His long term of service began the following morning. The journey from Troy, N. Y., at that time, was very much as it is at present, but the last stage of the journey was indeed a stage affair.

Attired in Tuxedo suits, we took dinner on the steamship, and afterwards went ashore to visit the Casino of Monte Carlo.

Here let me digress to mention that Monaco and Monte Carlo are the same. On the principle that a rose by any name will smell as sweet, the nomenclature is interchangeable and it makes no difference which name you make.

As every one knows, Monaco is a principality. It is built on a plateau about one hundred feet above the level of the sea. The Monte Carlo Casino, where men and women woo the god of chance, is in the center of the bowl-like entrance to the harbor, and from its eminence overlooks the sea. It is quite a palace, with a long frontage pierced by a double row of windows, quite richly decorated interiorly, and contains paintings of great merit. There are half a dozen long green covered tables, marked out for roulette and trenti et quarante. Seated round them are men in full dress and women bediamonded and handsomely gowned, winning or losing as fortune decrees. The croupiers announce the winners and pay out the winnings with great celerity. Incidentally they pull towards the bank the money of the losers with wooden rakes.

The Casino is entered from the side farthest from the sea, which faces a public square adorned with flowers and ferns and palms. The town of Monaco is built on streets that were constructed in the middle ages, and all the houses are of white stone, evidently quarried from the mountain on which they stand.

There is one large edifice that perches on a rock which is lapped by the waves of the sea. We are told it is the Oceanographic Museum, and contains curious specimens of marine fauna, the produce of fisheries and soundings taken on cruises planned by Prince Albert, the reigning prince of Monaco. He is said to be the greatest authority on oceanography in the world.

There is a lot more to tell, but the foregoing will suffice to convince the casual reader that gambling is not the only thing for which Monaco should be famed.

The climate, the people, the products, the natural beauty of artistic culture and geographical situation play a large part.

EDWIN A. HODGSON.

(To be continued)

Cook, and E. M. Bristol. Burial was made in the Weson-Hubbard lot at Glenwood Cemetery.

Among those who came to attend the obsequies were Mrs. Morton Adkins, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Fred Hubbard, of Toledo.—*Flint Journal*, Apr. 15.

OHIO.

News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

April 17, 1926—Mrs. Ella LaFever Van Doren, of West Carrollton, passed away, April 7th, in Miami Valley Hospital, Dayton, Ohio. She was brought there, March 22d, and operated upon for gall stones. She seemed to be getting along finely, and was expected to return home in a few days.

On the day of her death she was pushed in a wheelchair to a sunny place in the hospital where she could enjoy the sunshine. Soon thereafter without a struggle or moan her head drooped. Examination proved that life was extinct. The cause of her sudden passing between the heart and brain.

The funeral services were held at her late home in West Carrollton, on the afternoon of April 10th, and conducted by the family minister. Miss Lottie Lewis interpreting for the deaf present. Messrs. Nelson I. Snyder, and Harry Hartley were the deaf pall bearers. The remains were buried in David Cemetery near Lebanon, Ohio, beside those of her husband, who died in 1918. There were many beautiful floral tributes from deaf friends and neighbors for she was greatly esteemed by all

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the **DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL**, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Thursday, April 15th, the Women's Parish Aid Society of St. Ann's Church celebrated their 20th Anniversary by means of a dinner served in the Guild Hall of the Church. About 110 people, all members of the W. P. A. S. and the Men's Club, were present to do honor to the occasion. The dinner was home-cooked, and made an excellent and appetizing meal.

Mrs. Edward Rappolt was chairman of arrangements, and Mrs. Johanna McCluskey was toastingmaster. The guests of honor present were Miss Elizabeth Gallaudet, Rev. Mr. Kent, Rev. Mr. Braddock, and Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson. Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet, president of the W. P. A. S., for twenty years, was prevented by illness from attending, much to the regret of the gathering. Speeches were made by Miss Elizabeth Gallaudet, Miss Myra S. Barriger, and Messrs. Hodgson, Kent, Braddock. Miss Wanda Makowska, secretary of the W. P. A. S., gave an interesting account of the founding of the Society and of the good work it has been doing all these years. The W. P. A. S. ranks at the head of the four or five societies which exist under the auspices of St. Ann's Church, and whose aim is to help the church in its mission of social service.

GILLEN-CAMERON

Thursday, April 15th, Mr. Thomas J. Gillen and Miss Elizabeth Cameron were united in marriage at a nuptial mass in St. Francis Xavier Church, West 16th Street. Rev. Fr. J. Egan, the pastor of the New York Catholic deaf, celebrated the mass and signed the marriage service before a gathering of relatives and a host of deaf friends of the bride and groom.

A reception was held at the Carroll Club on Madison Avenue, where a dainty buffet breakfast was served to all the guests. Dancing followed until 2 P.M., when the happy couple were given a hearty send-off for their honeymoon. Destination was unknown—Washington, D. C., was our guess.

Both are products of St. Joseph's Institute. Mr. Gillen is probably the best-liked young man in Catholic circles in New York. He is Supreme Treasurer of the K. L. D., and president of the St. Joseph's Alumni Association. Mrs. Gillen is a charming lady—and we all wish them much happy wedded bliss.

Miss Mary J. Purtell was the recipient of a great surprise Wednesday evening, April 7th, at St. Joseph's Institute, Brooklyn.

Fifty years of service with the deaf was not to be overlooked by her friends and well-wishers. A banquet to commemorate her Golden Jubilee and a purse of \$400 was the occasion of the evening. After a beautiful supper by a well-known Brooklyn caterer, speeches were the order of the evening. The invited guests lauded Miss Purtell's good work with the deaf. Father Purtell, of Baltimore, gave us anecdotes of her life; Rev. Mr. Kent, of St. Ann's and Rev. Mr. Handisman, Rabbi of the Brooklyn Jewish deaf, spoke of her welfare work with the deaf of all creeds.

Then Mr. Pach gave his usual dynamic talk and the old Westchester boys had their innings. Mr. Kane, Mr. Knopp, etc., spoke of their days—forty years ago, when Miss Purtell was their teacher up in old St. Joseph's.

Miss Purtell is a grand young-old, beloved of all who know her. She carries her near-70 years sprightly—devoting her time to welfare work with the deaf. Many more happy years to her is our sincere wishes.

The following is from the New York *Herald-Tribune*, of Thursday, April 15th:

DEAF-MUTE SEES CHUM KILLED BY EARTH SLIDE

William Corwin, seven years old, failed to appear last night when the "Home free!" shout was raised in a game of hide and seek in a lot next to Public School 9, at 138th Street and Brown Place, the Bronx. Jerry, a deaf-mute about William's age, began to gesticulate excitedly when all the boys turned to a hunt for the latter, but the others ignored him.

At length Jerry seized Tony Cardello, of 530 East 139th Street, by the arm and led him to a trench, about three feet deep, covered with planks. Tony's shout brought the other boys and they removed the planks at which Jerry pointed. Below them they found William dead in the secure "bunk" he had found. Part of the excavation had caved in, burying his head and shoulders. Jerry made it known that he had been in the same trench, but had escaped the slide.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baum, of 2232 Sixty-third Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., have just made announcement of two new volumes in a genealogical series upon which they are engaged. While preserving their own identity to the extent of having each its own formal and story, the new books are part of a magnificent, multi-volumed work being issued by the Great Author of All things under the general title of "An Outline of Life."

According to the description of the new edition given out by the publishers, Mr. and Mrs. Baum, the new books contain the biographies of "Rhoda" and Bernice Selma." The former weighs four and a quarter pounds, while her companion boasts of five pounds and seven ounces.

Perhaps you have already guessed that Mrs. Baum has just announced the arrival of twin daughters, on April 12th.

LUTHERAN GUILD.

In the middle of March Mrs. M. Downs gave birth to a bouncing baby boy. They are doing fine.

May 13th Mr. Arwinski will be on his way to Germany. May his voyage be a happy one.

There will be a lecture by Dr. Fox at St. Luke's Hall, 316 West 46th Street, New York City, on the 8th of May, at 8 o'clock, including free refreshments.

This Saturday evening, April 24th, the Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D. will give a Spring Dance at San Salvador (K. of C.) Hall, N.E. corner of 121 Street and Madison Avenue. The Committee in charge assures one and all who attend of a good time. They want all the deaf to attend. To the club or organization most represented, a silver loving cup will be awarded, so all the deaf organizations should not neglect the chance to secure a cup for "nothing."

Johnny Willets, the deaf-mute pugilist, who by the way belongs to the Fourteenth Regiment, on Wednesday, March 14th, knocked out Charles McKane, of the Three Hundred and Sixty-ninth Infantry, in the second round of their eight-round bout, at the one Hundred and Sixth Infantry Armory. McKane was no match for the clever deaf-mute, who floored his rival four times before a solid right hook to the jaw finished him.

Mr. George Olsen, after spending the winter in Miami, Florida, has returned to the city, and is back in his old position. He says that he passed the days very pleasantly in Florida, and considers it more in the nature of a vacation than anything else.

The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes will hold a card party at St. Mark's, 230 Adelphi Street, in Brooklyn, on Saturday, April 24th, at 8:30 P.M. Prizes for whist. Refreshments, Admission at door, 35 cents.

The Rev. John H. Kent was in Hartford Saturday and Sunday, April 17 and 18, delivering a lecture and sort of resting up after the strenuous Lenten season.

Miss Mollie Heitner and Mr. Rubin Kobiinetz were betrothed on Wednesday, April 14th, 1926.

On February 23d last a baby-boy was born to Mrs. L. Burke (nee Lena Meyer).

ST. LOUIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Steidemann with Mrs. Arnot recently motored to Fulton, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Hughes, and saw the Gallaudet Five, a basketball quintet, composed of recent graduates of the local Gallaudet School, defeat the Missouri School team in a one-sided score.

The latter, however, have no gymnasium to train in and the locals are several years older and more experienced than their opponents.

Some twenty of the local deaf made the trip, and had a fine time, noting the changes that have improved the state school in the past year. A social evening, after the game, was held at the Hughes' residence.

The triennial meeting of the State Association of Missouri will be combine with the alumni reunion of the school and will be held at Fulton from Thursday, the 26th of August, till the following Monday. The dates at present have not yet been confirmed but will evidently be as stated. Ample notice will be given of the correct dates later.

The deaf of the city had a group photo take on the steps of the Public Library last Sunday for depositing in the corner-stone of the new Gallaudet School, which ceremony will be held on May 2d. Former students under Delos Simpson, the first teacher at the local school, were grouped together as a sort of reunion of first students. Some two hundred were present to have their features preserved for future ages.

Mr. William Allman and Mrs. Perlmuter returned home from a brief visit to their old home town,

same being Chicago. The former found it too cold for comfort, after becoming used to the local fine climate, and was glad to get back. They report fine time with visits and gossip with old friends.

It is reported William Schaub, the local representative of the N. A. D., has rolled up over a hundred new members for the Association, with several life members among them. Good work.

Mr. Roy Sittig was run down by an auto some two weeks ago and painfully injured. Keep an outlook for everything coming your way and be prepared to dodge.

Miss Martha Koch, of Red Bud,

III., is looking for situation as housemaid and general assistant around the home. Anyone interested in securing a good worker is invited to communicate with her at the address given. A good home is desired more than wages.

Several of the deaf have been on the sick list. Rev. Cloud has been given a month's vacation from all duties to secure a complete rest. He has been under the weather for some time past. Mesdames Ernst Miller, Berwin and Stumpf, are on the road to recovery from severe colds. Several others have been also mentioned in doctors' posters, for mild cases of flu.

The Euchre Club met on the 10th at the home of Miss Roper, who entertained for the evening. Prizes of the day were taken by Mesdames Steideman and Harden and Meairs Jones and Arnot. Refreshments were served at the close of the games.

The monthly social at the Schuyler Memorial House will be held on the 24th, with Mrs. Branstetter in charge of the evening.

SEATTLE.

The service for the deaf held at St. Mark's on Easter Sunday was at 9:30 in the morning, and almost all members of the deaf mission partook of Holy Communion. The church was very beautiful with masses of Easter lilies and many other flowers. A great floral cross hung right inside the chancel, and all around the church were ferns and green branches from the abundant resources of our Evergreen State. Breakfast was served to communicants after the service in the Sunday School room.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Frederickson on March 20th. Congratulations to the young couple. May the little man grow to possess the height and strength of his father and the attraction of his mother.

Mrs. A. W. Lorenz, whom many remember as Mrs. Stella Boston, is now a grandmother. A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Orville Weller at Davenport, Wash., on May 6. Mrs. Weller is the oldest daughter of Mrs. Lorenz. This happy event also makes Mr. Bodley a grand uncle.

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Miss Doris Nation and Mr. Sidney Raisin have discovered that they were schoolmates at a private school in London years ago. They have quite a number of common friends and memories to discuss. Miss Nation enjoys her work at the Bemis Bag Co., and is making good there.

Oscar Sanders is now working in a mill at Hobart, Washington, and is very glad to be out in the open again. He was looking quite sunburned at the P. S. A. D. meeting on Saturday. He comes to town with Everett Ellwood in the latter's car on week-ends.

Frank Kelly's brother Howard and his young wife are now residents of Seattle. Through Frank's brotherly assistance he secured a good job in the same mill, where Frank himself works.

At the P. S. A. D. meeting a handsome crinkle-bed-spread was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Harris as a gift from several members.

Mrs. Victoria Smith, while waiting to be called by the Bemis Bag Co., has accepted a temporary job as combined nurse and housekeeper to Mrs. Bloom, the wife of Marshall Bloom, the tall policeman of the University campus so well known in that district. Mrs. Bloom has had a sick spell that compels her to secure outside aid for a while in her home.

L. O. Christensen and Frank Kelly were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. True Patridge on Sunday, the eleventh.

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Mr. William Allman and Mrs. Perlmuter returned home from a brief visit to their old home town,

and four miles and a good many niggers were required to pull them out. The girls find New Orleans a fascinating city, and say that many streets and houses are so picturesque that they hardly seem real, but appear like appendages to a fairy tale. Houses often have elaborate iron-work balconies, said to have been made by slaves. The cemeteries are said to be more beautiful than any in the world except one in Italy. Alice remarked that in New Orleans one did not need to worry about making his mark in the world. One could just die and be sufficiently distinguished by interment in these lovely cemeteries.

The mother of Mrs. Billie Kischbaum is now living with her. She returned some time ago from California.

Our erstwhile resident, Mr. Struck, is now in San Diego, we learn with surprise. He does not expect to stay there long, but will soon be back in Frisco, where his heart is.

Business recently took L. O. Christenson to Olympia. Sherman Coder took him there in his car, and Robert Bronson went along. Mr. Christenson was much impressed with the fine new capitol and the governor's mansion.

Mr. "Nad Special" will leave Chicago Union Station at 8:15 Saturday night, August 7th, with from fifty to seventy-five joyous silents bound for the N. A. D. Convention in Washington, D. C., August 9th to 14th!

That is authoritative and final!

I have arranged with the Pennsylvania Railroad people to give us special Pullmans—20 to 22 to the car—attached to regular train, No. 54. Schaub, of St. Louis, has arranged for a special Pullman leaving St. Louis on train No. 154 at 4 P.M. the same day. Arriving at Pittsburgh at 9 Sunday morning, Schaub's cars will be coupled with mine, and two coaches and two dining cars and an observation car added, and we will leave Pittsburgh at 9:25 as a SPECIAL NAD TRAIN, full of deaf folks off, immediately behind the regular train, No. 154-54, and on the same schedule! Think of it!

Additional deaf folks will be picked up at nearly every stop in Pennsylvania, and in Baltimore, until we should have over 200 Nads aboard, when we arrive in Washington at 7 Sunday night.

The "Pennsy" people have promised us every co-operation. They will print special menus for the dining cars. We have free use of the observation car—the same as on "Gibson's Special" to St. Paul two years ago, which all agree was the brightest bit of the whole unfortunate convention.

By adding two coaches at Pittsburgh, folks from Pennsylvania points will have all the benefits of travel on a Pullman special train without having to pay Pullman fares. Several of Chicago's famous beauties will be aboard—ask your delegates to St. Paul. President Arthur L. Roberts, himself travels on my Chicago section, while Schaub will feature no less a personage than "Bob Roy" MacGregor, of Columbus—the real founder of the N. A. D.—as his "star passenger." Dan D. Cupid will be aboard.

I first met my wife at a Nad Convention—Colorado Springs, 1910—and who knows if you yourself, the reader, may meet his or her future mate. Danny Cupid is a peculiar cuss, always waiting to surprise a fellow.

I wouldn't be surprised if the great Alex Pach himself, head of the Nad Transportation Committee, and his bunch, including the famous Editor Hodgson, joins us at Baltimore for the last hour's run to Washington. If so, oh boy, what an end of a perfect day!

Fare, Chicago to Washington, is \$27.78, one way. Ask your ticket agent for a CERTIFICATE when buying ticket, give me the certificate and you come home at half-fare. That makes the round trip \$41.67. Pullman fares each way are \$8.25, lower; and \$6.60, upper berths.

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WE PRESENT THE OTHER CHEEK.

Since the appearance in a recent issue of the JOURNAL of an article by the esteemed George William Veditz (of Colorado), entitled "The Great Pulver-Washington—ahem," we have been assured by numerous friends, dear and otherwise, that they were awaiting our reply with bated breath. We gather from the general trend of their remarks, that it is incumbent upon us, in return for Mr. Veditz's courtesies, to climb up on our hind laigs and pelt the aforesaid gentleman with a prize assortment of antiquated henfruit, brickbats and pre-Volstead hooch receipts.

Very well!

Now, ladies and gents, gather round, whilst we rare up and say,

NOTHING.

(P. S.—We dassn't rile Bro. Billyum; they say he packs a gun).

BUSINESS AS USUAL

Now that this matter is settled to our entire satisfaction, and no blood is split, we will return to the pleasant business of boasting the Washington Convention. This is something that transcends everything personal—that renders personal squabbles pretty and insignificant. For this Washington Convention is, we sincerely believe, going to be the biggest and best gathering of the deaf that this old planet has ever beheld, in the course of its fifty million years. It is going to be of benefit to the deaf everywhere, whether they attend it or not, and by the same token, it is going to be of benefit to Mr. Veditz and others who are opposing it. It will help the just and the unjust. It is going to make history!

TO JOHN DOR, ESQ.

For the benefit of certain bumptious and evidently self-seeking individuals who have sought to destroy the morals of the deaf people of this land by undermining their loyalty in the good old N. A. D. we wish to interject the ancient remark that there has never been anything perfect in this vale of tears, since life first rose up from the steamy slime of the paleozoic mud-flats, and in all probability there will never be anything perfect as long as time goes on. We use perfect in the sense of being satisfactory to everyone. Very likely, the N. A. D. is not perfect in any sense. Very likely, it has made mistakes, and will continue to make mistakes. As an organization, it merely reflects the weaknesses, as well as the good qualities of its members. The same can be said of the United States Government, or, in fact, of any organization composed of human beings. The present administration of our Association is not composed of gods, but of men, and as men, they do and must make mistakes, "the same as me and you." But if our bumptious friends will carefully review the history of previous administrations of the N. A. D. they will perhaps be surprised to discover that the present incumbents have fared no worse than their predecessors. In fact we are willing to wager that they have, on the whole fared better.

But supposing the roof be leaking, leaking badly. What then? Shall we pull down the whole house about our ears? The N. A. D. is still a good old house. It is founded upon bedrock and built of timbers the finest. It has sheltered and aided us these forty years and more? It still has a great mission to perform in the world. If we pull it down now, WHAT will take its place? Who will fight our battles? Who will take up the torch and bear it on? Again, if the roof be leaking, what then, Why not repair the roof?

And suppose everything is not done the way YOU want it done. Is the thing done wrong for that reason? Is there anyone in this world who does everything precisely the same as you do it? And yet, somehow, most things happen to be done surprisingly right. After all, you must admit that

"There are nine and sixty ways of composing tribal lays, And every single one of them is right."

And now we respectfully announce that

WASHINGTON HAS FAITH IN THE N. A. D. WASHINGTON HAS FAITH IN PRESIDENT ROBERTS.

If you do not approve of the present policies of the N. A. D., why not come to Washington and present your ideas to the Convention, where they can openly be discussed, and acted upon if it be the will of the majority? You may be sure that there is no other way in which you can effect any practical changes in the administration or policies of the Association. So come out in the open and fight for what you believe in.

For the enlightenment of certain other of factions disposition who would injure the attendance of the Washington Convention by drawing off prospective visitors, we hereby extend to them a cordial invitation to visit Washington from August 9th to 14th, inclusive. Here they will receive our answer—three thousand living answers. And after they have slept a couple nights on the tables of Dinty Moore's poolroom, they will wish, (oh, how they will wish!) that they had de-

voted their energies six months previous to securing hotel accommodations, instead of to vain catterwailing against the N. A. D. and the Convention.

While upon the matter of hotel accommodations, we desire to call your attention to the Chairman of the Hotel Committee, Mr. H. F. Hughes. His address is Kendall Green, N. E., Washington, D. C. He likes work. He revels in it. It is the breath of his life. So keep him busy. Tell him what you want, and he will get it for you if it is to be got. Line forms at the right. No crowding, please! But do it now; there may be no accommodations to be had for love or money later on.

Now for another instalment of our Guide-Book:

THE WHITE HOUSE

A house happily named! Gleaming in white from top to bottom, a treasury of patriotic associations! The official representative of the American home!

The prevailing characteristic of the White House is a stately simplicity. Whether from Pennsylvania Avenue one sees the columns of the portico, but partly revealed through the foliage of noble trees, or from the lawns in the rear catches a glimpse of the southern balcony with colonnade and winding stairways embowered in vines, the air is one of dignity and repose. And from all aspects, the White House, is a perfect example of American colonial architecture.

It was the first public building erected at the seat of the new government. Washington, himself selected the site, laid the cornerstone, (Oct. 13, 1792), and lived to see the building completed. We seem to remember reading somewhere that the immortal George, in company with his wife, walked through its empty rooms a few days before his death. John Adams was the first occupant in 1800.

Curiously enough, it was not till it was over a century old that the White House received its present popular name. Burned by the British under Ross in 1814, it was painted white when repaired, and this caused it to be called the White House, loyally, although it was officially termed The Executive Mansion. In 1904 Roosevelt officially conferred the name "White House" upon this home of the Presidents.

But ha' done! I see I will never make the grade with the space at my disposal. So instead of telling you more of the romance and beauty of the White House, I invite you all to come to Washington at the time of the N. A. D. Convention, and see it with your own eyes. It is a house you will never forget.

Remember

AUGUST 9-14, 1926

HENRY J. PULVER,
Publicity Agent.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

THE NAMES SHOULD BE TAKEN OFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:

In the April number of the *Silent Worker* Mr. Thomas W. Hamrick, Jr., wrote an article endorsing the action of the Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet Memorial Committee in inscribing their names on the pedestal of the memorial, which was unveiled on the grounds of the Connecticut School for the Deaf at Hartford, Ct., last September. Mr. Hamrick said that he did not see any impropriety in the action of the Committee, and they were entitled to the honor.

Those who composed the team were: Leo Deluca and Arthur Winebrenner, forwards; Coyle Smith, Captain and guard; Harry Friedman, guard; Leonard Downes, Center. Leonard Downes was the outstanding star; his score of 310 points for the season, set a new record for individual players of the city.

Two All Stars teams were picked by the Sporting Editor of the local papers, and five of our boys were given places on them.

The success on the quiet was due to the perfect team work, and to the excellent coaching of Manager Benson, assisted by Mr. McVernon.

The following deaf men of Maryland are now operating automobiles under the 30 days learners permit regulations: Alonzo Phillips, Walter Swope, Wallace Edington, Bennie Rosenberg, Leo Rosenberg, Irving Anderson, Roy King, Ernest Day, James McVernon and Charles Greager, the last two being residents of Frederick.

On April 6th, Miss Mary Ijams, who passed her 74th milestone in life last October, answered the summons of her Maker. The cause of death was a stroke of paralysis.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Hoff of the Episcopal church, assisted by Rev. D. E. Moylan, and interpreted by Mr. BJORLEE for the benefit of the deaf.

Miss Ijams was the first graduate of the Maryland School. After her graduation in 1872 she took up teaching as her life work. She served her *Alma Mater* faithfully for 44 years, up to 1912, when she resigned.

Her mother was instrumental in helping to found the Maryland School.

memorial to THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET and to NO ONE ELSE.

At the Colorado Spring Convention of the N. A. D. in 1910, it was decided to repair the Gallaudet monument, which was erected at Hartford, Ct., in 1854, but at the Detroit Convention in 1920, the Association decided upon a replica of the memorial as the old monument was not desired on the site of the school, at Hartford, Ct.

The names of Messrs. Hanson, Howard and Cloud were omitted from the list of former presidents of the N. A. D. to whom was due a successful drive for funds with which to repair the original Gallaudet Monument. Dr. Hanson appointed a committee in charge of the project.

The fund was practically completed when Mr. Arthur L. Roberts was elected president. He and the committee inscribed their names on the pedestal of the memorial.

Miss Elizabeth Benson, Normal at Gallaudet College, spent three days the week after Easter at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benson in the Winebrenner Apartments. In an address before the Ely Literary Society, she urged graduates of the School to go to Gallaudet.

The following named persons were Easter visitors at the Maryland School: Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Shockley, Vincent Demarco and Wallace Weeks, of Baltimore; Walter Swope, of Williamsport; Robert Quinn, of Romney, W. Va.; Howard Hood, of Mt. Airy, and Joe Stinson, of Washington.

Rev. D. E. Moylan attended the 142d session of the Baltimore Conference of Methodist Church in the city, April 13-17. He called on his *Alma Mater* whenever he had an opportunity to do so.

Mrs. Theodore Huck takes frequent trips to Baltimore. Her last trip was made for the purpose of having an operation performed on her right arm at one of the famous Baltimore hospitals.

While engaged in the task of digging a trench on the School grounds not very long ago, Mr. Harry Kemp found some relics of the colonial days. One very interesting find was an old English coin that was used before the United States began to make its own coins. The word Britannia and date 1738 appeared on the piece of money.

Mr. McVernon, the boys' supervisor and military instructor of the School, is delighted to have with him his wife and infant son. They will spend the remainder of the school year in Frederick.

Mrs. George Faupel observed the annual custom of spending Easter with her parents in Mt. Airy. She was, of course, accompanied by the children, Murray and Doris.

The Ninth quadrennial reunion of alumni and former pupils of the Maryland State School for the Deaf will be held at the School, June 11-14, Friday to Monday. There is every reason to believe that all records of attendance for previous reunions will be broken. The duration of the reunion will be a day longer, then there is the new shop building with its magnificent gymnasium that all former pupils desire very much to see.

It is hoped that the De l'Epee committee will not perpetuate its names on the statue to be erected.

ROBERT C. MILLER,
MORGANTON, N. C., April 6, 1926.

FREDERICK.

Not since the inception of basketball as a sport at the Maryland School has there been a team more clever and faster than the one that upheld the honor of the School on courts with opposing teams this year. Witness the brilliant record of 17 victories out of 20 games played.

Those who composed the team were: Leo Deluca and Arthur Winebrenner, forwards; Coyle Smith, Captain and guard; Harry Friedman, guard; Leonard Downes, Center. Leonard Downes was the outstanding star; his score of 310 points for the season, set a new record for individual players of the city.

Two All Stars teams were picked by the Sporting Editor of the local papers, and five of our boys were given places on them.

The success on the quiet was due to the perfect team work, and to the excellent coaching of Manager Benson, assisted by Mr. McVernon.

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There was no Easter vacation at the Maryland School, but Good Friday was observed as a holiday. The annual Easter egg hunt was held on the front lawn Monday afternoon, April 5th. Three hundred more or less of beautifully dyed eggs were hidden in clumps of bushes scattered over the lawn. This is a custom the children look forward to eagerly each year.

Mr. George Faupel spent Easter week-end in Baltimore. He took part in the Easter Sunday services at Christ Methodist Episcopal Church of which Rev. Moylan is the pastor. "The Power of an Endless Life" was the subject of a sermon given by him.

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A GET TOGETHER SPRING NIGHT

A SILVER CUP

will be awarded to the Club, Lodge, or any other organization most represented at this Dance

ANNUAL

SPRING DANCE

TENDERED BY

BRONX DIVISION, No. 92

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

TO BE HELD AT

San Salvador (K. of C.) Hall

N. E. COR. 121ST STREET AND MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, April 24, 1926